

August 2019

Water Cresses

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Water Cresses" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 254.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/254

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WATER CRESSES.

Sec. 26.

I am a jolly farmer, from Bedfordshire I came,
To see some friends at Camberwell, and Morgan is my
name ;

At a dairy farm near Dunstable I live when I'm at home
And if I get safe back again, from there I'll never roam.

But if you'll give attention, I'll tell without delay,
How a buxom little damsel my affections led astray !
And she promised to marry me on the first of May,
And left me with a bunch of Water Cresses.

'Twas on the first of April when I arrived in town,
And being quite a stranger, I wandered up and down,
Until I lost myself entirely, I cannot tell you where,
But 'twas in a very quiet street, the corner of a square.

A neatly drest young woman came walking down the
way—

As long as I remember, I shall ne'er forget the day ;
For she promised to marry me upon the first of May,
And she left me with a bunch of Water Cresses.

Politely I addressed her, and thus to her did say—
“I wish to go to ———, can you direct the way ?”
“Oh yes, sir, oh yes, sir !” she speedily replied,
“Take the turning to the left, go down the other side.”

Her voice it was the sweetest I ever yet did hear.
In her hands—which like the lily, were so very white
and clear—

She'd a bunch of early onions, and a half-a-pint of beer,
Some pickles and a bunch of Water Cresses.

I bow'd and thank'd her, and walked by her side,
And thought how well she'd look, as a dairy farmer's
bride,

I gathered resolution—half in earnest half in joke—
I hinted matrimony ; these very words I spoke,—

“I've a farm of 40 acres, I've horses, cows, and geese ?
Besides I have a dairy filled with butter and cheese.
Will you marry me and mistress be, fair lady, of these,
And we'll pass our time on love and Water Cresses.

She replied with a smile (or a leer if you choose)—
“You are so very generous, I cannot well refuse ;
So give me your direction, and I will without delay,
Prepare for matrimony, to love, honour, and obey.

I've a wedding dress to buy, and little bills to pay.”
I handed her a sovereign, expenses to defray ;
And she promised to marry me upon the first of May,
When she left me with a bunch of Water Cresses.

Next day a letter I received, and read there with sur-
prise,

“Dear Sir,—For disappointing you, I must apologise ;
But when you ask a stranger into partnership for life,
Be sure she is a maiden, or a widow—not a wife.

I've a husband of my own, his name is Willie Grey ;
And when I can afford it the sovereign I'll pay—
To think that I should marry you upon the first of May,
Why you must have been as green as Water Cresses.”



DILLY BURN.

I lov'd a little colour'd gal,
She lived in Tennessee,
She wasn't much to any one,
But all the world to me.
Her master used her very hard,
But mine, he used me well,
And how I pitied this poor gal,
There's none but me can tell.
I loved her long nor thought it wrong,
And she loved me in return ;
But she left one day, and went away,
My pretty Dilly Burn.

My heart grew sad, I could not work,
My massa wondered why :
I told him how she left one day,
And never said “Good bye.”
'Twas then I heard from his dear lips,
That Dilly had been sold,
And how we sever'd had to be,
For a paltry sum of gold.
I loved her long, &c.

Now after this, it was not long,
My Dilly's owner died,
When massa bought her, good kind soul,
And gave her as my bride.
And now we're happy in our cot,
And massa's pleased to see
How two fond hearts that truly love,
Though black, can happy be
I loved her long, &c.